

# Good Morning 765

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Greyhound Racing Put Up New Record

THE organisation analogous to the Jockey Club in Greyhound Racing is the National Greyhound Racing Club. It is this Club which forms the rules of racing and enforces them, registers owners, licences staff, warns off offenders and so on.

In what is a comparatively new sport, it has done excellent work in producing conditions calculated to ensure honest and sporting racing.

Its rules govern proper kennelling, the condition of training quarters and the food given the dogs.

It allows training by licensed people only and insists that dogs must arrive at the course at least one hour before the start. It requires a vet always to be present and calls for tracks built to a high standard.

The Club enforces its rules through refusing to allow unlicensed owners to run their dogs on licensed tracks. But the actual opening and conduct of a track is a matter for the local authorities.

A permit from the local authorities must be obtained before application is made for membership of the National Greyhound Racing Society of Great Britain, which is the counterpart of the Racecourse Management Association in horse racing. The Society looks after the interests of members and speaks for the sport as a whole in dealings with Parliament, Government Departments and so on.

The Society has not quite a monopoly because not everyone can comply with all the rules, but it keeps a high standard.

The Presidency of the Society at the moment of writing is vacant. The Vice-Presidents are Sir William Gentle, a pioneer of greyhound racing in Britain, and Mr. H. Garland Wells. There are now 64 members of the Society and they annually elect a council to represent them.

The family consists of: Wing Commander Cyril, aged 38; A.B. Clarence, aged 36; Commissioned Gunner Maurice, aged 34; Flying Officer Gordon, aged 28; Flight Lieut. Derek, aged 26; and Flying Officer Robert, aged 21.

Cyril, who sustained an injured hand when shot down over Batavia, has been the only "casualty" in the family during the war.

"We've been lucky," says Lt.-Cmdr. Lewis, who is 63 and only just retired from the Navy.

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The N.G.R. Club's senior steward is Lord Denham. The number of stewards varies up to fifty and they meet annually to elect twelve of their number to form a working committee for the following year.

The Greyhound Racing Board of Control consists of members of both the Club and the Society. It can grant an approved new track a Club licence and membership of the Society.

Greyhound racing is a comparatively new sport in Britain, and the surprising thing is not that it is, perhaps, less completely controlled than horse-racing, which is more than two hundred years old, but that so much has been accomplished in so short a time.

On the tracks controlled by these organisations the opportunities for any "funny business" are severely limited and the organisations have shown themselves more democratic and progressive than their horse-racing counterparts in providing for the sport and comfort of the public.

The names of greyhounds bred by the Greyhound Racing Association and whelped in 1944 are to have the initials "C.M." This is a tribute to Charles A. Munn, the American director of the Association who was responsible for the first greyhound track opening in this country.

Mr. Munn brought photographs and films of the sport as it was run in the U.S.A. to England in 1925, and the first racing as we know it to-day took place at Belle Vue, Manchester, on July 24, 1926.

The first greyhound racing in London was on June 20, 1927, and a crowd of 25,000 attended—surely a record for a new sport!

It was the Greyhound Racing Association Trust, Ltd., which put greyhound racing on its feet in this country.

R. L. STEPHENS.

## Home Town Gossip

IT was a Great Day at the home of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. E. A. Lewis, of Kagoshima, Springfield Villas, Plymouth, when their six sons met at home for the first time in sixteen years.

All are members of the regular forces.

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**OFF THE RATION.**  
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docked with 300 cows on board en route to Antwerp. The cows had to be milked every day while on their trip. At sea most of the milk was wasted, but milking time during the ship's stop for refuelling at Plymouth meant a harvest for those youngsters, who collected sixty gallons and had an unexpected treat.

### BISHOP'S S.O.S.

BISHOPS have their clothing problems, as this appeal, published in the "Plymouth Diocesan News," emphasises:

"The Bishop's cope is disappearing and must be replaced. This will require 15 coupons, which the Bishop cannot afford, as his wardrobe is also in need of replacement.

"I wonder whether 15 of those parishes which like their Bishop to be habited in cope and mitre when he visits them would be willing to spare one each?"

"But please don't assume that the other parishes are necessarily making themselves responsible for this!"

# SHROPSHIRE



Looking towards the Welsh border from Wenlock Edge at sunset on a winter's evening.

THE River Sever plays an important part in the geography and natural characteristics of several counties, as may be expected of our longest river, but nowhere does it provide so distinct a division as it does in Shropshire.

To the north lie the fertile plains centred around pleasant and prosperous market towns, such as Whitchurch, Market Drayton, Oswestry, Ellesmere, and Shrewsbury itself, where there is much that is lovely.

To the south are the hills, with that long, individual ridge, Wenlock Edge, forming their backbone, but with such heights as the Cleve Hills, the Long Mynde, Stiper Stones and Cardington Hill standing out as high points.

IT is as though Shropshire were two separate counties—indeed, I am not sure it is not three, for there, in the west, is that great piece of country bitten out of Wales; most surely part of the Principality, with its Celtic place-names such as Bettws-y-Crwyn, Llwyn Madock and Llanvair Water-dine. The people of these parts can claim to have descended from the two nations, and they show it in their speech, their character and, very often, in the appearance.

But the main divisions are north and south of the Severn. The plain in the north; to the south, the hill country.

There is but one exception. It is not an unimportant one. Indeed, to the Shropshire man it is a symbol of his county, as it is its most prominent feature. It is The Wrekin, that great mound, isolated from the main lines of the hills (and thereby emphasised)—standing as an outpost to the north of the river as it makes its dip south-eastwards from Shrewsbury to Ironbridge, and so southwards through Bridgnorth to the county boundary at Highley.

From The Wrekin to the Radnorshire borders lies the heart of Shropshire—the heart, and soul. It is no chance phrase, that ancient toast the men of Shropshire drink when they come together at some formal affair—"To all round the Wrekin."

They all remember that high hill, with its crowning earth-work and clump of trees, as the hub of their landscape, whether they come from the north or the south of the county—or even from Woore, which is almost Staffordshire.

Coming up the hill from the south the climb is a stiff one. It is just as well to have a drink at Little Wenlock before making the ascent. But there is a rich reward when the summit is gained, and you look out from that vantage point over miles of countryside where handkerchief-sized fields, handfuls of woods and the winding stream of the Severn are scattered like a coloured large-scale map, with a few moving specks on the roads or levels which alone indicate that you are not alone in the world.

And, looking south-west, you see the blueness of the ridge which goes diagonally across the southern part of the county, from Much Wenlock to Craven Arms.

This is a sight, indeed, on a summer's day, or even in Springtime, when the first green is appearing on the trees of Eaton Constantine, Garms-ton and Little Wenlock, immediately below.

Most Shropshire men have at one time or another stood

★=====★  
**D. N. K. BAGNALL**  
Conducts a tour of a western county which is half England, half Wales and where some of the people claim to have descended from the two nations  
★=====★

on that eminence with the good things of their county open to their view, and many, as exiles, have had in mind that vista, or the Wrekin itself as they came home, not being satisfied until they saw it once again.

The backbone of Wenlock Edge gives views of a similar kind. Its fifteen miles stretch is one of the longest ridges in Britain, and from one point or another most of the southern part of Shropshire may be seen, a landscape of hills of all sizes and shapes, far and near, of curving rivers and hillside streams making their way through thick belts of woodland to the sunny meadows of the valleys.

The Shropshire people call these little brooks "Hopes." A lovely name, which describes very aptly the nature of the streams that go light-heartedly down the hillside, seeking a way to their destination—the bed of some wider and more important river.

The hillsides are not bare. Cultivated land often reaches as far as 1,000 feet broken by groups of trees or large-sized woodland, and farm-houses find a footing on those gradual slopes.

A man walking along this spine of Shropshire will find himself at one time going along firm turf, at another threading his way through the high woods, and ever an anon catching sight of one of those great vistas that remind one how many unremembered beauty spots there are in England.

There is one stretch, above Eaton, where the Edge takes on a wilder aspect and the fields at its foot seem more lonely. On a stormy day you feel you are in the north-country, with its inhospitable heights and morose landscape, rather than in the calm lands of the West Midlands.

As you come to the western end of Wenlock Edge, The Long Mynde draws closer in. It is a ridge of mountain five miles shorter than The Edge, and not so companionable. It is crowned with wild moorland and you are reminded of

perfect small town in the whole of the country. And it certainly has one of the most perfect of inns—that ancient and historic place, "The Feathers." But it is crammed with such old-world charm. Its houses and shops have a way of appearing unreal. You wonder why, until you remember some film in which an "Elizabethan" town has been the background for some unlikely story.

But Ludlow is not just pretty, or quaint. It is alive, though at first glance it is almost impossible to credit that people work and business goes on in such ideal surroundings.

Shrewsbury, on a larger scale, is hardly less lovely. I have heard people say it excels Chester in charm and though I do not agree, I give it a very high place in the list of noble towns of England.

Church Stretton, Bridgnorth—both are good places, where, as in most parts of Shropshire, modern industrialism has not yet found a firm foothold. And so one could go on, and if you wanted to list the unspoiled villages of the fat and smiling countryside of the north, or the hilly lands of the south, you would need many sheets of paper.

There are two inheritances known to most Shropshire men. The first is Stokesay Castle, with its fourteenth century hall and tower and its beautifully carved gate-house. Standing before a wide lake and backed by woodland heights, it is a sight to remember, and it has been photographed and painted so often that it is the possession of the people of other countries besides the Shropshire man.

The other is Pitchford Hall, that impressive pile of Georgian work that holds place among the worthiest of those great homes built by our fathers in more spacious days.

You have but to scratch the face of Shropshire to find what beauty it contains, and if you dig, you find gold.

**BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . . BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.**

Address :  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# A COCKTAIL FOR SAVING A MAN

## The Finish of Bella's Choice

FOR maybe half an hour everything was confusion and riot. I was up and down the deck like a marionette, directing here, ordering there, and stationing the men ready for the last throw of the dice. But at the end of half an hour, as I say, we thought we had her firm. I took off my cap and found that the perspiration was lying in pools inside it. Every one of us was the same.

I moved aft, and saw the contractor, shaking hands effusively with the skipper.

"You saved it, skipper," he said. "I can't thank you enough. It was you and your officers who saved the caisson from falling. I'll never forget this day."

I took the wheel from the steersman to bring the tug nearer the caisson so that the water-rats could get aboard and do their share. I didn't like their job.

They swarmed over the side of the tug and slid down ropes to the caisson. They came from other tugs, too, climbing up the

sides by a staging placed for them.

The skipper was standing within a couple of yards of the wheel, Rawley beside him; and I heard the contractor speaking, while he watched Bella, who was gazing at the water-rats.

"Captain Turner, you ought to be thankful it's a girl you've got and not a boy. Mind the conversation we had at the tournament when our youngsters were at college. I've thought about that often and envied you. A girl is easier to train."

"Is she?" grinned Turner. "You don't know my girl. I brought her up to think for herself, and, by gee, she's so dashed independent she won't even think of gettin' married now I want her to. Anyway she's not a bread-and-milk girl. You took your own way with your boy, and you've got to stand the racket. You taught him soft and he comes out soft."

Rawley looked at the skipper out of the corner of his eye.

"I wonder," said he, "if train-men mutinied and the structure ing has much to do with it after wasn't driven down into the sea all? I've lived hard at this business and done my best to overcome any hereditary instinct of taking more than the sight of Bella that made me do it. To tell the truth I wasn't thinking of her at all; but I always was in front in a rough house."

I didn't hear any more, for just then a shout rose from the gang on the top of the caisson, and I saw a man climb out of the funnel by which the water-rats went down inside the structure.

He was yelling as if in pain, and clapping his hands to his eyes. Pandemonium seemed to break out in a moment, and above the slap of waves came roars from the ladder.

Men on the top of the caisson began to wave their hands, signalling urgently for help. The first mate, who was forward, came aft at the double.

"Something's wrong, sir!" he shouted to the skipper. "Mr. Rawley, there's hell broke loose down in the caisson! The rats are breaking out! They've struck something down there and that man who's come up is in a bad way. He says they're fighting to get out—"

"They can't come out!" cried Rawley. "The caisson isn't half deep enough yet. They'll wreck the job—"

The third mate came aft then, and his face was scared and white.

"There's been an accident, sir!" he roared. "The gang have mutinied down there! They've struck a vein of gas!"

I gave a shout to the skipper, and he wheeled at my yell.

"Here, Third!" I roared. "Take this wheel!"

I thrust the spokes into his hand as Bella came from the gunwale and threw himself into her father's arms.

She had seen the riot on the caisson top and knew that if the

of the upper air I saw something him up and handed him to was indeed wrong. The candles another in that subterranean place were burning green. Everything seemed green, and my eyes began to smart like the deuce; but I went down all the same, and when I landed at the bottom I was in over a foot of water.

I saw a sight that made me grip my iron bar and put my hands to my eyes.

A big man was standing with his back to the ladder. He turned when he saw me and I shouted in surprise, for he was young Rawley, the big, soft boob who had come and taken Bella away in his motor-boat.

"Glad you've come, mate," he said. "We can tame this crowd. They'll spoil the whole job if they get loose. Look out!"

They came at us with a rush, wading through the gaining water and slashing at us with their shovels, howling like scared creatures.

Rawley and I stood our ground. I made good play with my stanchion, and Rawley had a shovel which he felled like a Roman gladiator.

We drove them back to the edge of the cavern, and then Rawley roared at them.

"Get your shovels and dig, you scum! The gas won't hurt you much unless you stay long in it. You can be relieved in a few minutes, but that cutting edge has got to go down further."

My eyes were beginning to pain me again, but I knew that if the caisson was not sunk deeper into the sand it would topple with the swell during the night.

The gang had got scared and run wild. One man was lying braced against the timber rim of the caisson. Rawley picked

"Take him up for air, and send two down," he ordered. The man went up the ladder with his mate on his shoulder like a sack, but no others came down. Meantime, the men below were preparing for another rush. This time they won.

They flocked past us and scrambled up the ladder in spite of our blows; at least, most of them did, and when Rawley saw that they were gaining he held my arm and made me drop the bar. "We may do it ourselves," he whispered. "How's your eyes?"

"Rotten; and your face is a terrible colour, Rawley," I said. "You know me?" he grinned. "I thought I would come down as an experience. Father doesn't know. Let's dig."

I'll never forget that digging. We took our coats off, and then our waistcoats; and the gas that was hurting our eyes was getting less and less. We dug for our lives.

The water had gained another foot while we were fighting the gang. It was up to our thighs when we started to dig, but as we worked, the edge of the caisson sank deeper and deeper, and the water went down as the pumps were worked hard from the top.

It took us nearly an hour to get the edge down to its level; and then Rawley, making a delve with his spade, let loose another lot of gas.

I was working at the opposite side, and heard him cry out.

I wheeled, and was met by a whiff of gas that stung me and closed my eyes right away. I tell you that stuff seemed to lift the skin where it touched.

"Rawley!" I roared.

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Which is the higher title, Earl or Marquess?

2. About what is the longest jump recorded in athletic sports?

3. At what age is a person first permitted to buy firearms in England?

4. A "callow" is a variety of willow-tree, long-legged youth-young ant, marsh-dwelling bird?

5. A salute is fired on the Accession, Coronation and Birthday of the King. Where is it fired, and by how many guns?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—J. Bunyan, J. Milton, J. Keats, J. Swift, J. Bonne.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 764

1. Antofagasta and Bolivia railway, 15,834 feet.

2. 6 feet 10½ inches.

3. 10s.

4. 6.

5. The Royal Company of Archers.

6. Robert Louis Stevenson's initials are R. L. S.; all the others are R. B.

## Twisted Tongues

IN Canada there are about 3,000,000 French-Canadians, to whom French is their native language. They are mostly concentrated in limited areas. Half-a-million Indians have a *patois* of their own.

Palestine to-day is a land of many languages. Hebrew is the official language of the Jewish settlements, but of course the Arabs speak their own language, and in addition a good deal of German and Italian is spoken.

If Palestine ever becomes self-governing, the language problem may arise more acutely, but as many other nations have shown, the use of two or more languages is no real difficulty.

Probably the country in which the greatest variety of non-Asiatic tongues is spoken is the U.S.A.

There are daily newspapers in about eighteen languages from Chinese to Yiddish, which means that although English is the language of America, there are still many immigrants who feel happier in their native languages.

In Belgium three different languages are spoken—French, Flemish and German. Very few Belgians are German speaking.

Before the war it was estimated that three millions spoke Flemish, about 2,800,000 French, and another million used both languages. Public notices, names of railway stations and so on, are in both languages.

Switzerland also uses three languages—French, German and Italian. There is also Romansch, the only truly "native" language which is spoken only in one or two Cantons, by about 42,000 people.

Italian is spoken by about 160,000, German in sixteen cantons, and French in five. The language differences have never proved an obstacle to the unity of the nation.

A great number of languages are spoken in the U.S.S.R., and Russia's increase of territory as a result of the war, will add to the variety. The U.S.S.R.'s policy is to encourage these native languages.

Marshal Stalin, a Georgian by birth, knew nothing of the Russian language until he was fully grown.

One of the most curious bi-lingual countries is China. The language spoken by those from the North is quite distinct from that in the South, and men from these districts cannot understand each other; but although the words a written sentence means to each is different, the meaning it conveys is the same.

Thus Chinese from anywhere can understand each other if they write.

J. M. M.

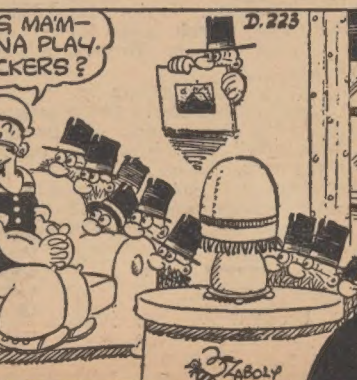
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 703

- 1. Behead a mechanical shove and get a search.
- 2. Insert the same letter 7 times and make sense of: n-etersremzingnims.
- 3. What two words, both meaning less fat, can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: My children play in the / where there is no / from passing cars.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 702

- 1. T-RAICE.
- 2. Will you light the electric lamp, please?
- 3. VILLA, HALL.
- 4. Grapes, gasper.

JANE

Bella's Choice

(Continued from Page 2)

There was no answer. "Rawley! Where are you?" Still there was no answer. I groped about, my eyes useless and stinging like hell, and my hands painful, too, and my face and arms—it was like bees and mustard plasters all over me. I roared to Rawley again, but he didn't reply, and I knew that he was down and out. I felt for the side of the caisson, and went round it. My foot touched him lying beside his shovel. I stooped and lifted him and started to grope for the ladder. He was some weight, that young fellow.

I knew by this time he was no soft boob, for if it hadn't been for his example I would have been up the ladder behind the gang. I don't mind confessing it. How I got up then I don't know. I remember feeling fresh air in

my face, and hearing shouts from all around, and the skipper's cry for the fleet doctor to come and have a look, and a girl's voice wailing, and Rawley's father calling his son's name—and then everything became black and seemed to pitch into space.

I woke up with the doctor working over me. There was a crowd around, and old man Rawley was on his knees beside me.

Across the deck I saw young Rawley lying on a mattress, and Bella beside him.

"You'll be all right now," said the doctor in my ear. "You two have saved the situation. No wonder the gang got scared. My lad, that was a thick seam of sulphuretted hydrogen you struck down there; but your eyes will be all right in a few weeks. In a month or two you'll be yourself again."

"How's Rawley?" I stammered. "He's all right, too. But it was touch and go."

And then old man Rawley seized my hand, giving me rotten pains, and began to slobber over me again, and saying I was to be a skipper. I looked up, and saw the skipper.

"Skipper," I said thickly, "you were all wrong about him. He's not soft. He's the best boy ever. The way he kept that mob back was a treat—"

He didn't get time to answer, for Bella was over beside me, thrusting the men aside; and she stooped and kissed my swollen, green face. "You saved him!" she cried. "What can I ever do for you, Second, for saving him I love?"

"Bella," I answered. "I'll tell you what you can do. Get your dad to give me one of his cocktails, and we'll call it quits. I'm damn glad you didn't choose the first mate. He's a teetotaler."

THE END.

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you something alien:—

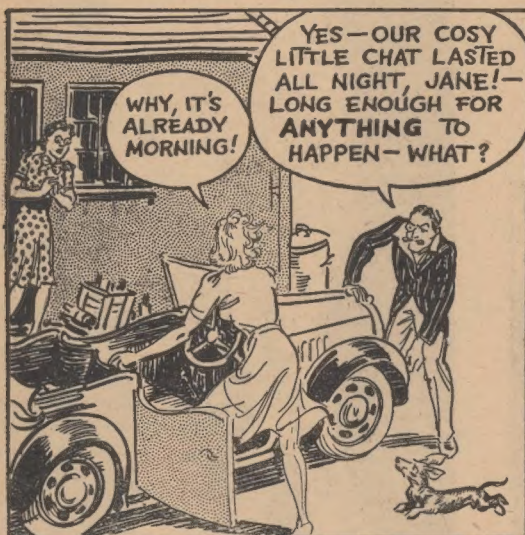
- 1. Eating places.
- 2. To hang down limply.

1.									
2.									
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4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

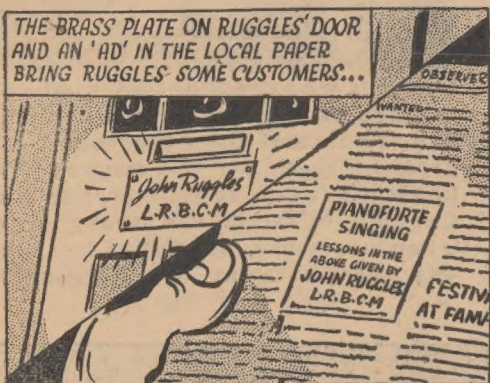
- 3. Wearies.
  - 4. Belonging to them.
  - 5. A race or clan.
  - 6. Pertaining to law.
  - 7. Pennies.
- (Solution to-morrow).



"I'm accusing nobody! I merely said somehow, to me, it looks highly suspicious."



RUGGLES



The Hares Go Mad

THE bean-field, to the hares, must have seemed like a dense forest—a place of refuge and recreation for all time.

It was rather hard on them when the binder came and laid their pleasant retreat open to the sky.

It meant that all the farm-hands—and several who had no hand in the business at all—indulged in an afternoon's "sport" at the expense of the hares.

You see, beans are quite different from other kinds of corn, such as wheat, oats or barley. Instead of being sown in narrow drills, the rows are spaced 27 inches apart, and there's nothing the hares like better than to frolic along the bean rows.

They look upon it as a permanent habitation, for the beans were sown as long ago as last November.

Though they made little growth during the winter, when the spring came and the horse-hoes had been at work loosening the soil, they just shot upwards and outwards until each row was a tunnel of thick beanstalks with broad, shady leaves.

Then the hares came. They must have forsaken every field on the farm to join in the bean-feast, for those bean-row tunnels were just ideal for the indulgence of "hare-brained" races.

In June, tiny black and white flowers opened out all along the rows. When July came, the scent of the beanfield was something to be "sniffed at" above all the smells of farm and country.

FRED KITCHEN.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BATH	PELF
COLOUR	WAIN
ANODE	SENSE
REND	GURKHA
P	GLARE
YET	C
ELUDE	R
DAB	LEECH
F	ANIMAL
LEAL	MORAY
RANGE	PECK
JOINED	SHED
BRAD	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10			11		12
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	25	26			27	28	
29	30				31	32	33
34				35			
36				37			
	38					39	

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Boy's name. 4 Lone efforts. 9 Due. 11 Move. 13 Top room. 14 Cake. 15 Pronoun. 16 Hits. 17 Thoroughfare. 19 Tire. 20 Curve. 22 Jot. 23 Wily. 25 Mimic. 27 Musical note. 29 Anger. 31 Dissolve. 34 Puzzle. 35 Pale colour. 36 Numbers. 37 Row. 38 At no time. 39 Place.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Gaiter. 2 Boy's name. 3 Dust particle. 4 Dry (wine). 5 Otherwise. 6 Boy's name. 7 Stores. 8 Stylish. 10 Mole. 12 Coloured fluid. 14 Craft. 18 Lees. 20 Wards off. 21 Graphite. 24 Road distance. 26 Wait. 28 Detail. 30 Fresh. 32 Wild fruit. 33 Direction. 35 Seed-vessel. 37 About.





# Good Morning



Sunday afternoon on the river at Richmond, London's easy-to-reach pleasure beach. Pleasure steamers and boats go gliding by, the ever filled chairs line the banks, and a drowsy crowd laze in the shade of the trees watching with half closed eyes the energies of the amateur punters, striving to keep their craft on a desired course. Then in the queue for transport home, back to work on Monday with perhaps just a little liver, when thoughts such as this picture, re-occur over desk, bench, or machine. But it's worth every minute of it. For this is England.



Sorry we don't know her name, but that doesn't stop us wanting to know her. We've looked in the telephone book for Delicious, and Lovely, and even asked the Lost Property Office. Your guess is as good as ours. Anyway who would lose such a very pretty thing.



"In the shade of the old apple tree"—by jingo!—that reminds me where I buried that pre-war ham bone. There's something in this crooning business after all. Sinatra gets mobbed by the girls too.



"I remember the day, when girls were girls, and bustles put the bumps in the right—let me see now—or was it wrong places. Anyway I don't hold with such things, just look at that girl's waist. At least, it's bigger than what my stays brought them down to, when Grandad had his foot in my back pulling at the strings. They were the good old days.



Beats us why dress designers always manage to get the film stars with one leg in and the other out when dressing them for the screen. We know it's lovely to look at, and that Carmen Miranda can shake a leg when necessary, as well as her hips. We can't imagine her wanting to hide such beauty.